MARRY IN GERMANY.

BUT IF YOU ARE AMERICANS BE PREPARED FOR A SIEGE.

Documents of All Kinds and Witnesses Must Be Presented to the Civil Functionary—The Trials of a Young Couple of Americans In Berlin.

It is often almost impossible for an American to secure the papers necessary to make a European marriage valid, especially in Germany. The lovers are frequently obliged to wait until they can repair to some less inquisitive land, where a priest or legal functionary will consent to unite them without asking superfluous questions. When the contracting parties are themselves Europeans, the formalities are probably formidable enough, for besides the actual marriage papers there are settlement papers and various preliminary documents to be drawn up. But if you are an American of course you are a suspicious character, and you will find it even doubly difficult to marry the girl of your choice. You must first prove your right to live and breathe and have your being, and your bride must prove her right to live and breathe and have her being, and your father, and your mother, and your bride's father, and your bride's mother must also prove that they were born in due time and have lived irreproachably ever after, and in case they no longer exercise the functions of living, breathing and having their being it must be shown that they ceased to do so in a sober and godlike manner. All this and much more must be set forth in a quod erat demon strandum fashion by means of documents before you will be allowed to bend your neck to the conjugal yoke.

The truth of these remarks was illustrated a few weeks ago in Berlin, when the happiness of two young Americans hung for a long time in the balance until German authorities finally consented to let them join hands and hearts. The young man was an Egyptologist and found it necessary to be in Egypt at a certain time. He hoped to take his bride with him, but almost up to the last moment he was uncertain whether he should have a bride to take. For months he had been trying to bring about this marriage, but the requirements of the German law were enough to drive even a man accustomed to the complications of the Tel-el-eh-Manah tablets to despair. The bride had lived formerly on the other side of the world, and as there existed in the cautious German mind the possibility that she might have gone through the marriage ceremony on some previous occasion it was necessary to publish the banns weeks beforehand, not only in the Berlin papers, but also in the journals of her native American town. Both parties were obliged to secure certificates of the birth and baptism of themselves and their parents and to furnish an epitome of the family histories down to date. There is a rumor that testimony was even demanded as to the number of times certain relatives had been vaccinated and the success of the operation. The young woman's father had died when away from home, and it was rather difficult to satisfy German authorities as to the manner of his taking off. Finally all the papers arrived, and the couple repaired one day with their friends and witnesses to the office of the legal functionary in whose hands their happiness reposed.

The legal functionary, of course, had witnesses on his side. The Germans never transact any business except in the presence of witnesses. If you quarrel with the guard on a railway train, he immediately summons another guard, not to settle the dispute, but to witness it. They put their two solemn heads together, shake them at each other and at you, make copious notes of the facts and finally take themselves off. This bridal couple and friends were silently surveyed by the band of witnesses. Then the bride was placed in one chair and the bridegroom in another at a respectful distance. The papers were produced. The bride told all about herself, and the bridegroom told all about himself, and the friends and witnesses told all about both of them. The mother of the bride assured the assembled company that this man was not insidiously defrauding her of her daughter. The company began to breathe more freely. The bridegroom heaved a sigh of relief. The tired bride moved in her chair wearily. But the legal functionary was not going to let them off so easily. He shook his head over the papers, pursed up his lips and then turned on the whole crowd and asked them fiercely for their passports. Of course no one had such a thing about him, so the jaded bridegroom had to rush off in a drosky to secure as many as were necessary.

Meantime a German couple appeared. Their papers, of course, were all right. The German bridegroom took possession of the American bridegroom's vacant chair, and the American bride, who, by this time, was almost in tears, yielded her seat to the German bride. By the time they had been safely launched upon the sea of married life the passports had been found, and the Americans again took the chairs and were finally made man and wife, to the satisfaction of the legal functionary, themselves and their friends.

That wasn't all, of course. They had to rush off, after the legal functionary's fee had been paid, to do honor to the ordinary conventionalities, array themselves in festal robes and be married again by a minister who spoke the English tongue, shake hands with their 500 friends and catch the first train for Egypt.—Berlin Cor. New York Sun.

A SENSIBLE FIR TREE.

Said a saucy little Maple
To her cousin, Willow Tree:
"Miss Fir has no new mantle
This spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
That she's worn since I was born.
I should think she'd feel so shabby,
With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded
At the Fir Tree's old style clothes
Willow laughed—she couldn't help it—
At the turned up, pea green nose.

The Fir Tree, staid and modest,
Answered Maple not a word,
Though I'm very sure—yes, certain—
Everything was overheard.

She only softly murmured
As she rearranged her clothes,
"I'm glad my friends don't leave me
With every wind that blows."
—A. P. Caldwell in Christian Nation.

VALUABLE WOODS.

Many of the Finest Kinds In Existence Plentiful, but Almost Unknown.

Many of the finest woods in existence are yet unknown or only slightly known to the manufacturers of wood in the civilized world. The woods of Central and South America are perhaps the most remarkable as well as the best known. In the yet untouched forests of this continent are many woods far finer than any of those now in use. These woods range from pure white to jet black in color, and many of them are most beautifully marked and veined. Some of them are so hard that they turn the edges of axes, chisels and other tools, while the band saw cuts them only slowly.

In the Columbian exposition there were many displays of little known woods, and the finest of them were those from Argentine Republic, Brazil and other South American countries. Some of these southern woods yielded to the teeth of the band saw not the ordinary sawdust, but fine powder, fine as the finest flour, so hard were the woods. Some of them burned but slowly. Others possess qualities that keep them free from insects. Some of them seem to be practically indestructible by air and water.

All along the eastern slopes of the Andes, up to the snow line on those great elevations, throughout all the great river valleys and in some of the wide areas of level country in South America are great forests of fine woods that are specially fit for the finest cabinet and furniture work, and also for shipbuilding, carpentry and other industrial arts in which wood is the raw material. These great forests are now an unknown quantity in the commercial world, but they will come rapidly into the knowledge of men and into industrial use when once the railroad has reached them.

Before many years, it is safe to predict, the South American and Central American republics will be threaded by railroads, and then those wonderful woods will be drawn upon to supply the demand for new and fine woods in all civilized countries.—Lumber World.

Overheard In the Restaurant.

She—I went to see a beautiful play while we were in New York.

He—What was it?

She—Well, I can't remember the name exactly. It sounded like "Dr. Deppety."

He—Who took the leading character?

She—A man of the name of Willard, Francis Willard. Oh, he's just elegant! Magnificent! He doesn't speak very plainly, and he can't sing a little bit; but, oh, he's just perfectly grand.

He—Was it a play or an opera?

She—Oh, something of that sort! I had a quarrel with Herbert about you that night and didn't notice much.

He—Why did you quarrel about me?

She—Well, I told him of our engagement that night before we started for the theater and then asked him if he still wanted to take me out, and he laughed and said, "Certainly, I would just as soon take an engaged girl to an entertainment as any kind of a girl," horrid thing!

He—Why was he horrid?

She—I just revenged myself by sitting and thinking of you all the evening. Oh, say, those are actors sitting at that table over there.

He (suspiciously)—How do you know?

She—Why, because they keep looking around to see if people are watching them. Actors always do that to advertise themselves, you know.

And the waiter brought the checks.—Boston Journal.

Hardiness of the Crape Myrtle.

Philadelphia is about as far north as the crape myrtle proves hardy. Though killed to the ground, it will push up and flower like a herbaceous plant. Possibly it would give an attraction to gardens, in this herbaceous way, much farther north than Philadelphia. Several correspondents write that it is not always killed down even so far north as Philadelphia. One at Chestnut Hill, a part of Philadelphia, instances a specimen, 5 to 6 feet high, which must have passed several wintesr unharmed.—Meehan's Monthly.

Alexander the Great, about B. C. 400, made an attempt to introduce many Asiatic plants into Europe. Rice was among the number, but the Greeks did not take kindly to its cultivation, preferring to import it from India and Egypt.

Philip I of France fell out with the queen, turned her out of doors and married the wife of a nobleman, giving the unique reason, "I like her better than I do my wife and can provide for her better than her husband can."

Nature Pursues a Liar.

"The forces of the universe are in league against a lie," says Emerson, and what his terse, penetrating pen would find to say where the lying involves perhaps mortal danger to human beings we will not presume to say, but will illustrate our meaning as follows: In December, 1887, a child that had died in Connecticut of diphtheria was brought to Pittsfield, Mass., for burial. The parents came with the body to a house in Pittsfield, and a public funeral was held. Within a week and while the parents of the child still remained as visitors at the house a child who lived in the house was taken ill with diphtheria and died. Then came a humiliating confession from the Connecticut parents. They said that the symptoms of the second child were just like those of their own and finally acknowledged that arrangements had been made with the physician in attendance upon the case to write a certificate of death by bronchitis instead of diphtheria. Other cases followed in the same house.—Philadelphia Press.

TYPHOON IN MANILLA

APPROACH OF THE TERRIBLE WIND AND EFFECTS OF ITS VISIT.

The Inhabitants Are Warned by Signals and Have Ample Time For Preparation. Breaks Up With Deadly Squalls and Closes In Devastating Floods.

Early in the eventful week warnings came from our excellent observatory that trouble was brewing down on the Pacific to the south and east, and about Friday the No. 1 typhoon signal was displayed. The news respecting the storm was indefinite, but the villain was supposed to be moving northwest, headed directly for us. Saturday up went signal No. 2, and in the afternoon No. 3, and in the evening No. 4. Still everything was calm and peaceful, and Sunday morning dawned pleasant but for the exception of a haze. Early in the forenoon up went signal No. 5, which is only three from the worst one that can be put up—No. 8, and now everybody began to get ready for the invisible monster. All the steamers and ships in the river put out extra cables, and the former got up steam. No craft of any kind were permitted to go out of the river, and the fleet of ships in the bay appeared to be putting out their spare anchors. Still everything was calm, but the haze thickened, and low sand clouds began to sail in from the China sea.

Just after we finished tiffin, at our little seaside house, our gaze was riveted on a native coming down the street, dressed in a black coat, with shirt hanging out beneath, in true Philippine custom, and wearing white trousers and a tall hat. He carried a sort of decorated cane, marched down the center of the street and gave utterance to solemn sentiments in a deep, musical voice. In short, he was the official crier to herald the coming typhoon, and as he marched along the bells in the old church rang out a wild, warning plea. The natives opposite us hastily began to sling ropes over the roofs of their light nipa shanties, and one of the English fellows who lives just back of us had already stretched good sized cables over the tall, sloping tin roof of his domicile. A sort of hush prevailed, and then sudden gusts began to blow in off the bay. The scud clouds increased and appeared to be in a terrible rush. The roar of the surf became louder and louder, and one after another of our oyster shell windows had to be shut. The typhoon was advancing slowly, but its course was sure.

Our 8 o'clock dinner passed, and now the wind began to howl. Before going to bed we moved out of our little parlor such valuables as might be most missed by being carried through the air, in case our roof came off, and went to bed amid a terrific din. Sleep was impossible. Our house trembled like a blushing bride before the altar, and for a triumphal exit—wedding march—the tin was suddenly ripped off our secondary rain shed roof like so much paper. Great pieces of tin were slapping around and up against the house and would have sawed a head or hand off had one attempted to poke itself outside. At 3:30 a. m. we took a look into the "sala." No glass would have stood the gusts that came pouncing in from the bay, but our oyster shells did not yield. The noise outside was deafening. The house hung together, and we were thankful that we were not off in the bay. The wind lulled in the early morning, and at 9 a. m. came some of the most terrible changes of wind, the deadliest squalls and most terrific blowings I ever felt. Down came all the wires in the main street; over went half a dozen nipas on one side of us; crack, bang, broke off some great venerable trees. The street was a mass of wreckage as far as we could see, and few signs of life were visible.

All the rest of the day the winds blew most fiercely, but we could see that the center of the typhoon was passing off to the northwest. I sallied out in the afternoon and managed to keep along behind the houses and reached the Luneta, where all the lamps bent their heads, with broken glass, and where the huge waves were flying far up into the air as they dashed against the sea wall. The clumps of fishing and bathing houses were battered in pieces, and those which weren't minus roofs and sides were washed up into the road as mere driftwood. The natives were out grabbing logs, while the fishermen's families were crouching behind a stone wall watching their wrecked "barns" and were sitting on their saucepans, furniture and babies to keep them from sailing skyward. The vessels out in the bay were throwing the surf high over their bows. One of them seemed to be ashore and her stern very near the breakers. A steamer had broken adrift and run into another, losing all her anchors and chain. But all things have an end, and at night the winds and rains subsided. The typhoon was wide in diameter, and so was not as destructive as the one in 1882.

After the typhoon came the floods, and the river overflowed and flooded all the adjacent low country. The water covered the road to the club to the depth of three feet, and two of my friends were nearly drowned by trying to drive when they should have rowed. The poor pony walked off into the field, in the darkness, by mistake, into eight feet of water and was drowned. The boys nearly got stuck inside the trap, but managed to save themselves. As it was, one had to rescue the other and has been since presented with a gold watch. C. was giving a dinner dance the next evening when word came that the festivities would be postponed till terra firma appeared. But the show is all over, and business, which has been paralyzed for a week, once more starts up.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Natchez, Miss., was at first called Rosalie in honor of the Countess of Pontchartrain. Its name was changed to that of a tribe of local Indians.

FORDING A CHINESE RIVER.

Pits Dug In the Stream's Bed by Guides to Trap the Unwary.

Traversing the country from southwest to northeast and in a pouring rain, we visited the villages of Si-kou-ying, Hao-kwei-ying and Sang-yein. Here the women, dressed in their best clothes, stood watching us on the doorsteps, which would have been quite a pretty sight, with their multicolor jupons and trousers, had the effect not been partly spoiled by the horrible deformity of their feet squeezed into microscopic shoes. I possess a pair of these shoes as worn by a mandarin's wife, and the length of them is only 3 inches. Toward noon we reached Ya-lo-wan, on the banks of the Hung-ho river, a miserable village on a minuscule hill of yellow earth. The river had to be waded.

A Chinaman—a beggar, I thought—volunteered to take animals and men safely across for a sum of money, for he said there were large holes in the river bed, in which our animals would have lost their footing had we crossed by ourselves. I would not employ him, as I hate to be imposed upon by humbugs, and knowing the little way which these gentlemen have of digging large holes on purpose in the river bed while dry in summer, so as to extort money from timid travelers, I proceeded to "sell" him.

I guided my mules not right across the water, for the holes are generally dug where most unaware people are likely to cross, but a few yards farther up, therefore landing every one safe on the other side, with the exception of one donkey, who, in strict similarity with all the evil spirits of China, insisted on going on his own account in a straight line in front of his nose, with the result that when he reached the middle of the stream he fell into one of the holes, and with the weight of the load he was carrying disappeared. Only the point of his ears could be seen wagging out of the water. The boleman, if I may call him so, who had eagerly been watching for this, ran in the water to his rescue and saved his life, for which act I duly rewarded him.—Fortnightly Review.

SOME PEOPLE'S RELIGION.

Marion Crawford Writes a Pointed Little Lecture on Intolerance.

There are very good and devout men and women who take the world—present and to come—quite literally, as a mere fulfillment of their own limitations; who look upon what they know as being all that need be known, and upon what they believe of God and heaven as the mechanical consequence of what they know, rather than as the cause and goal, respectively, of existence and action; to whom the letter of the law is the arbitrary expression of a despotic power, which somehow must be looked upon as merciful; who answer all questions concerning God's logic with the tremendous assertion of God's will; whose God is a magnified man, and whose devil is a malignant animal, second only to God in understanding, while extreme from God in disposition.

There are good men and women who—to use a natural but not flippant simile—take it for granted that the soul is cast into the troubled waters of life without the power to swim or even the possibility of learning to float, dependent upon the bare chance that some one may throw it the life buoy of ritual religion as its only conceivable means of salvation. And the opponents of each particular form of faith invariably take just such good men and women, with all their limitations, as the only true exponents of that especial creed, which they then proceed to tear in pieces with all the ease such an undue advantage of false premise gives them. None of them has thought of intellectual mercy as being perhaps an integral part of Christian charity. Faith they have in abundance, and hope also not a little; but charity, though it be for men's earthly ills, and theoretically, if not always practically, for men's spiritual shortcomings, is rigidly forbidden for the errors of men's minds. Why? No thinking man can help asking the little question which grows great in the unanswering silence that follows it.—Marion Crawford in Century.

Hungry Pike.

One of my sons, aged 15, went with three other boys to bathe in Inglemere pond, near the Ascot race course. He walked into the water to about the depth of four feet, when he spread out his hands to attempt to swim.

At that instant a large fish came up and took his whole hand into its mouth, but finding itself unable to swallow it relinquished its hold, and the boy, turning round, prepared for a hasty retreat. His companions, who saw the fish, scrambled out of the pond as fast as possible.

My son had scarcely turned around before the fish came up behind him, and seizing his other hand crosswise inflicted some very deep wounds on the back of it. The boy raised his free hand, which was still bleeding, and struck the great fish a hard blow on the head, when it disappeared. The other boys assisted my son to dress, bound up his hand with their handkerchiefs and brought him home.

We took him to the surgeon, who dressed seven wounds in one hand, and so great was the pain the next day that the lad fainted twice. The little finger was bitten through the nail, and it was more than six weeks before it was well. The nail came off, and the scar remains to this day.—Fishing.

Dislikes the Bicycle.

The latest opposition to the bicycle comes from an utterly unexpected quarter—the Thames boatmen. "Shiver them bicycles; they've ruined my business! Instead of a hundred boats out on a fine Sunday, each with a young lass in the stern sheets and her beau at the oars, not 20 put out from the float. My old customers wheel over the bridges instead of running under them."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of 20 miles an hour and keep it up for half a day.

Digestible Food.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef, but while the beef will be easily digested and thus be of vast service to us the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect to their chemical value.—London Hospital.

Housatonic is a corruption of Wassaturic, "Bright Stream Flowing Through Rocks."

Horsepower of the World's Engines.

A steam "horsepower" is equivalent to the actual strength of three horses of the average weight and size, and each horse represents the strength of seven men of the average weight of 154 pounds. The total horsepower of the engines of the world (not including locomotives, of which there are 105,000, with a total horsepower of 3,000,000) is 46,000,000, which represents all the force that could be exerted by 1,000,000,000 men, or more than twice the total working population of the entire globe. Four-fifths of the power machines now in active service have been made during the past 25 years. This country has the highest amount of horsepower, 7,500,000; England comes second, with 7,000,000; Germany third, 4,500,000, only two other countries, France and Austria-Hungary, having engines representing over 1,000,000 horsepower, that of France being reckoned at 3,000,000 and Austria-Hungary at 1,500,000. The above figures are for 1891 and are the very latest on that subject.—St. Louis Republic.

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